

The Huttlestonian



**Winter
1938**

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Vol. 13

No. 1



WINTER ISSUE

1938

Published by
FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL
Fairhaven, Mass.



The English Department in any High School is of transcendent importance. Because of his outstanding merits in this field, we dedicate this magazine, in itself a literary effort dependent upon English training for its qualities, to our respected new principal,

CHESTER M. DOWNING

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

GEORGE R. PROCTOR '38

Associate Editor

EILENE P. ALPERT '39

Reportorial Editors

ROBERT T. CARR '39

NANCY TERRY '39

NATALIE F. TALLMAN '40

WALTER H. APPERSON '41

ALVAH G. HOWLAND '42

Art Editor

RUSSELL A. POLLARD '38

Exchange Editor

JOSEPH M. COHEN '39

Faculty Adviser

MARGARET SIEBERT

Business Manager

PHILOMENA CORDIERA '38

Advertising Manager

LILIA MEDEIROS '38

Assistants

ROBERT W. PROCTOR '41

BEVERLY F. ALPERT '38

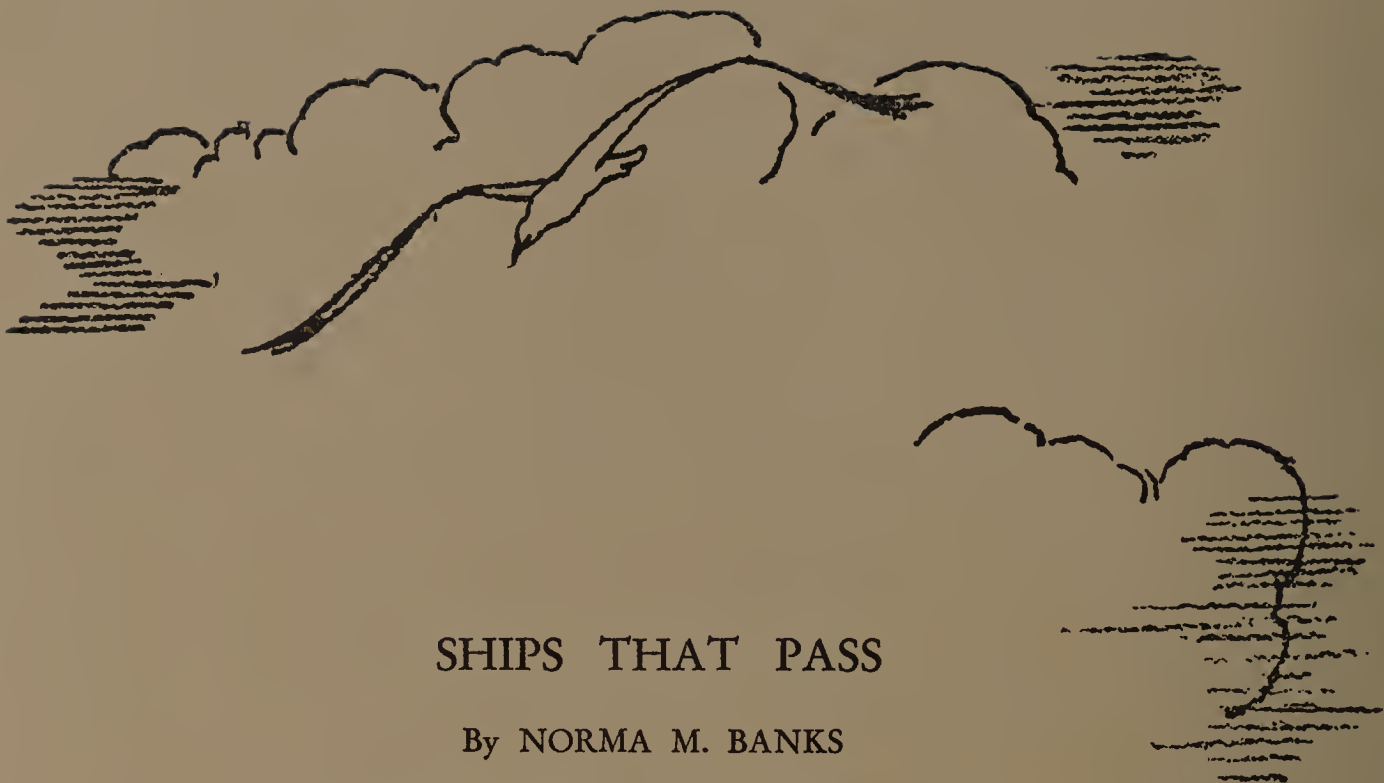
JOHN L. O'DONNELL '40

LUCY A. ANESTI '38

THOMAS T. CARY '42

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Ships that Pass	6
The Disappearance of "The Seven Seas"	7
In a Caravan to the Northwest	9
Observations in Panama	12
The Century Hopper	16
Recollection	18
Football Highlights	19
Swing Music! How Long Will it Live?	20
The Origin of the Ring Finger	24
The First Public Library	24
The Cipher Code of Julius Caesar	25
Roman Geometry	25
Something About Gloves	26
Claustrophobia	27
The Coward	28
Office Hours	29
The Class of 1937	30
The Capture	33
A Trip to Quebec	34
Some Smoke and Vaporings	35
The Dawning of Thirteen Seasons	37
List of Contributors	39
Shoppers' Guide and Directory	41



SHIPS THAT PASS

By NORMA M. BANKS

Snowy sails, big with the wind,
Billowing wide and high;
Fleeing on the wind-tossed waves,
Stenciled on the sky.
Knife-like prows cleaving the sea,
With scarce a rushing sigh.

Scarlet sails like bleeding birds,
Droop against the sun,
Looking for a resting place,
When their short flight's done.
Chinese junks rest on the swell,
Till sea and sky are one.

Proudest of the water-birds,
The liner, smooth and sleek.
Polished, suave, a dowager,
Scorning small and weak.
Acknowledging with royal air
The deference of the meek.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF "THE SEVEN SEAS"

By ROBERT CARR



The barque, "The Seven Seas," slipped quietly away into the fog. This boat was destined to a disaster worse than anyone had ever dreamed of. For, after the ill-fated sailing vessel had left its haven, it was never heard of again. People believed she had gone down with all hands. She was last sighted off Lome, a settlement on the coast of Africa.

Let us look back into the history of the craft which apparently met such a horrible fate. "The Seven Seas" was launched on September 7, 1789 after having been built by the Charleston Boat Builders, Inc. It was purchased by John Forbes, the oil magnate, and later sold to Captain Johnson, a retired naval officer. It is at this point that we pick up the clues which, when woven together, form one of the strangest disasters ever to have been related.

Captain Johnson, who had been in the naval service but a few years, found his pension very small when he retired. Because of this he had taken what money he had saved and invested it all in "The Seven Seas", for the purpose of trading. During two years, it seemed to his friends that he was doing excellently in the commercial world, for he lived very prosperously. Then, suddenly, for no plausible reason, he started to look older every day. Finally came news of the disappearance of his barque. At the time of the disaster, the boat was under the command of Captain Johnson's first mate.

What the cause of the disappearance was, people wished to know. The boat was a well-built, seaworthy craft, and it should have taken nothing less than a hurricane to sink it. And

there had been no hurricane; there had been nothing except the report that she was last sighted off Africa.

In the years that followed, Captain Johnson seemed to turn into an old man quickly. His death occurred about 1850, but before he died he wrote a parchment explaining the disappearance of his trading vessel.

It read something like this: "The barque, 'The Seven Seas', which I owned, was sunk purposely by my first-mate with its full cargo of slaves still aboard. It was thus ordered by me, that if my first mate so much as sighted a patrol ship, he should not risk my name in attempting to escape, but must immediately sink the ship leaving no trace of the human cargo which it was transporting. He carried my orders out well.

Signed: Daniel Johnson".

IN A CARAVAN TO THE NORTHWEST

By WILFRED G. HOPWOOD

Draw in your chairs for a closeup as Uncle reenacts the "conquest" of the Northwest Territory, taken from England by sheer acquisition better than one hundred and fifty years ago.

Little has ever been said about the important part played by Massachusetts folk in establishing that vast country. Right here in Boston in the "Bunch of Grapes Tavern," which stood on the corner of State and Kilby streets, is where the Ohio Company of Associates was organized. It was at a meeting held in this famed tavern that Manasseh Cutler was selected to go to New York and present to Congress, then in session, the company's plan for a colony beyond the Alleghenies, and the Ordinances of 1787.

In thoroughness, their plan included not only the actual settlement, but the laws under which they desired the new colony to be governed. The effectiveness of this mild-mannered Massachusetts clergyman in persuading Congress to adopt the plan is an all too little known epoch in our history. Manasseh Cutler was a pioneer in promoting emigration to the West, and set the example by going there himself.

A journey through the mountain fastnesses at that time was hazardous at any season; in mid-winter it was termed by many as foolhardy, but there was a purpose. The pioneers realized that in order to survive during the next winter they must reach their new homes in time to plant crops in the early spring. Travelling by ox team, Conestoga wagon, and on foot, they plodded westward, cutting roads where none existed, plowing dangerously through snowladen mountain passes, and impeded by every conceivable obstacle; yet they never faltered. Ahead there was a goal — a land of new promise.

On April 7, 1788, they reached their goal, the site which is now Marietta, Ohio. Here was established the first civil govern-

ment of the Northwest Territory and for years remained the gateway to the land of promise.

It is to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the ordinance of '87 that the specially created Northwest Territory celebration commission, of which President Roosevelt is the titular head, has planned to reenact the trek of the pioneers. For its purpose, it has selected a group of thirty-six college men to form a caravan party that will be nearly a year en route to cover a projected tour of 2900 miles.

These thirty-six men, selected from 5000 college graduates, come from all over the United States, and represent twenty-five different colleges. Their average age is twenty-three years. These boys are under contract for one year to render their service to the United States government, for which they will receive the regular army pay of one dollar per day. When the tour is completed next November, they will each receive a bonus of one hundred dollars.

On November the first these men gathered at Fort Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts, where they have been preparing themselves to withstand the rigorous winter and the perils that may confront them as they make the difficult passage. With body building exercise over, they take to pageant rehearsals. While on their grand march to Ohio they will present a pageant nightly in the various towns where they stop. It is a historical pageant depicting eight of the critical episodes in our nation's formative period. They have been rehearsing the pageant from six to eight hours daily.

At Ayer the troupe has been furnished with the type of clothes that were worn at that time: moccasins; trousers of homespun or buckskin, striped with leather thongs; buckskin shirts girded about the waist with leather belts.

The entire trip will last eleven months. Leaving Ipswich, the starting point, they will make tracks for Marietta, Ohio. The outfit will hike fifteen miles a day, and at that rate will reach their objective by April 7, 1938. After the party arrives at Marietta, where a gala celebration will be held, they will make a tour of the entire Northwest territory and will not return to Marietta

until the following November. When the entire trip is completed they will have travelled 2900 to 3000 miles.

At this point, the New Trek to the Northwest Territory will be officially over, and the boys will return to their homes, all with a wonderful story to tell, after an absence of nearly a year.



OBSERVATIONS IN PANAMA

By JOHN B. LEONARD



It's about time some well-informed person gave the lie to the popular belief that Panama is a steaming jungle.

Americans at large, and particularly those who reside in New England, think of the Isthmus of Panama as a wild and wooly jungle through which, by mere geographical chance, there runs a ditch known as the Panama Canal.

Such, however, is not the case.

A traveler approaching the Isthmus of Panama on a steamship bound for the West Coast of the United States via the Canal, obtains his first view of Panama as the vessel nears the twin cities of Cristobal and Colon. Cristobal, which means Christopher, is located in the Canal Zone. Immediately across the boundary line separating the Zone from the Republic of Panama lies the Atlantic coast terminal city of Colon — and Colon means Columbus.

The traveler's vessel berths at one of the eight enormous docks situated on the Canal Zone waterfront of Cristobal, half a mile up the mouth of the Canal itself.

After several hours of loading and discharging cargo for trans-shipment to east coast ports of South America, the tourist's ship begins the eight-hour transit of the Canal toward the Pacific coast cities of Balboa and Panama.

A word here with regard to the Canal Zone itself. It may be news to the average American that there are no private enterprises on the Canal Zone. The entire area is operated, maintained and administrated by the United States Government through a Canal Zone governor, appointed by the President from the ranks

of the United States Army Engineering Corps. The rank of the governor of the Canal Zone is that of a full-fledged colonel.

Commissaries, operated and controlled by the United States government-owned Panama Railroad Company (established in 1848), supply the 15,000 employees of the Canal and the railroad with household goods and supplies of every sort. However, Canal Zone employees are at liberty to purchase anything they desire in the hundreds of business houses operating in the Panamanian cities.

A tourist's first trip through the Panama Canal is a never-to-be-forgotten experience — but that is all one may say, for transits made after the first are apt to prove boring to the extreme.

Neither time nor space permit your correspondent the opportunity and privilege of relating the myriad sights and enjoyments awaiting the transient visitor to the Isthmus of Panama. But a word, in passing, about the magnificent Army posts located on both coasts of the Canal Zone; the touching, old-world beauty of Panama City, capital of the Republic, with its vast garden-like parks and plazas, its avenues of mission-type private homes, its scintillating night spots for recreation and diversion, its mile-long seawall, fraught with history; the centuries-old ruins at Panama le Vieja (Old Panama), sacked by Morgan, famed British pirate; the miles and miles of beaches which line the Pacific coast.

Yet, the tourist who comes to Panama seems to have no eye for the beauty which is all about him. Instead, he would rather be whizzed about in completely modernized Canal Zone towns, and spend the rest of his time browsing among the counters in one of the Central Avenue stores in Panama City. Yes, that's good for local business, but it leaves the tourist rather in the dark when a friend enquires about his impressions of Panama — the real Panama.

Do not assume that cities in the Republic of Panama are not up to the minute in window-decorating, or that their merchandise is outmoded.

Panama City's electric supply system is one of the most modern in the world, and failures in the power plants occur far less

often than in your own New England. There is no danger of flood, no threat of heavy snows to strain and break high tension wires, and few of the accidents which yearly befall North American cities and towns.

The year-round average temperature, much to your surprise, is between 75 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit. When the thermometer registers 90 it is conceded a hot day. Think of New England's stifling inland summers, with the mercury hitting 110 and higher in many places throughout the country. And then think of the long cool nights, at about 65 degrees, on the Isthmus of Panama, with the population, clad in cool tropical worsteds, swaying to the music of an orchestra in one of the three open-air "beer gardens" within the city. Beer garden? The title is a misnomer. In Panama a beer garden is a palatial structure of stucco, plate glass and polished marble, surmounted by a tower fifty or seventy-five feet high. In one of these the Isthmian resident may sit and sip a "long cool one" or enjoy a hearty meal of Spanish, Chinese, Hungarian or American food. Prices? Moderate — and what is more important, perhaps, to the younger generation in the Canal Zone as well as in Panama City, never a swindling cover or minimum charge.

In the daytime, with the beer gardens and the night spots closed, Panama City presents an appearance of bustling activity. Modern street cars and busses take on and discharge scores of passengers, bound for work or their daily shopping. Although cars are driven on the left hand side of the road on the Isthmus, there are fewer accidents in the Republic's capital than in any other city of equal size in the United States itself.

And it is well to remember, in this connection, that the Pacific coast of the Isthmus boasts a population of nearly 170,000.

Approximately 5,000 men form the National Police of Panama, and a better-trained or equipped body of men could not be found anywhere in the world.

While the Republic of Panama busies itself, minding its own interests, an average of five hundred vessels a month make the transit of the Panama Canal, pouring into the coffers of the

United States Government a total of approximately \$24,000,000 annually.

At least half of this enormous sum is paid out in salaries each year to the thousands of Canal and railroad employees who make their homes and livings on the Isthmus.

Is it any wonder, then, that Panama prospers?

In short, Panama is the quintessence of modernity, a bee hive of activity and — to use a hackneyed phrase — a land of untold opportunity for all who wish to avail themselves of its possibilities.

At all events, the “steaming jungle” fallacy should be discarded — now.

THE CENTURY HOPPER

By DANA MARSTON

To the casual observer, the confusion around the Fairchild airport seemed quite unexplainable. In fact, usually it seemed that nothing very important could ever happen in that sleepy little landing field. And yet, now the place was aglow with electric lights, men were running back and forth, and great activity was in evidence everywhere. Reporters and admirers were crowding around a grinning, carrot-topped fellow of about thirty years, who stood bashfully in a corner of the little hangar. Flashlights were snapping, cameras were clicking, and people shook the fellow's hand until it must have nearly dropped off.

The explanation of all this was quite simple. After ten years of hard and patient work, Red Davis had finally invented — it had a very long technical name — a gadget which permitted the aviator to set an indicator, fall asleep if he wished, and have the plane guide itself without the aid of any human hand.



Congratulations over, Red tuned up the motor, and with a final wave of the hand, he braved the hubbles of the field and zoomed skyward. He climbed quite a way, and after watching the town slip slowly from vision, he set his so-called "robot", and fell to thinking.

It must have been about fifteen minutes of flying in this manner, when Red looked over the side, and to his amazement, caught sight of a huge city, which he had never before seen or known the existence of, spread out below. He nosed his ship down, looked below him, and there was the most elaborate and thoroughly mystifying airport he had ever seen in his life. The field was covered with a glossy black composition, something like polished slate, and the hangar was a huge mod-

ernistic building, with great rolling doors. As his landing gear hit the surface, a thousand various spotlights seemed to swing from the evening dusk, and center their blue white glare on him. From a cone shaped tower, atop the hangar, a green light switched on and a voice rang over the field: "Strange ship on runway fifteen. Hangar nineteen A. Fifty-six."

Bewildered by this barrage of numbers which meant absolutely nothing to him, Red watched in silence as a little shell shaped contraption, bearing the number fifty-six, seeming to come from nowhere, appeared on a single rail, and, evidently controlled from the tower, automatically hooked onto the plane and began drawing it rapidly towards one of the hangar compartments. Dazed at even the mere thought of all this, he sat and watched the doors disappear silently so that the plane might enter. As soon as his entrance was effected, the doors rolled slowly shut. Red cast a glance at the place, noting its spaciousness. He could see thru glass compartments many other planes, the extensive streamlining and style of which made his look out of date. Two mechanics appeared and eyed him curiously, until one finally asked where he came from.

"Fairchild, New Jersey," responded Red.

"Fairchild, Fairchild," muttered the man, "I don't believe I know of the place."

Not replying, Red stood thinking a minute, and finally, resigning himself to the conditions, he asked his way out. The mechanic motioned him into a car, which turned out to be a form of elevator which carried them rapidly to the street entrance of the building. Red had by this time become used to strange things, but a glance at the sky topped all previous sights. It was literally full of planes, and every so often, in a block arrangement, was a balloon with a grey-coated policeman in it. Across the balloon stretched the words, "Sky Police No. 93." Another look at his surroundings brought to Red's eye the impressive panorama of the city, composed of ultra-modern buildings outlined against the evening sky. Airflow automobiles and bullet-shaped street cars shot by, some above him, some on his street level, and some even being seen below him through a very wide glass sidewalk.

All of a sudden, Red noticed people staring at him and laughing at his confusion. Deciding that this city was definitely not the place for him, he ran back into the hangar, and after hunting around he found section 19A. His plane was once again drawn by the little 56 on to the runway. The prop kicked over, and the plane rolling swiftly over the glistening surface, he was soon in the air. Circling over the airport for a last look at this mystery city, he saw painted on the hangar roof, "F. C. A. Air-drome." But the letters in the corner nearly startled him out of his wits: "Constructed 2037 A. D. Coleman Brothers."

Suddenly the home field appeared from the haze. Then, all at once, Red realized what had happened. He put his ship down on the far corner, taxied to the shed, and hopped out of the cramped cockpit. Bob, the town's lone plane mechanic ran out asking, "Haul 'er over?"

Red's only reply was, "Bob, did you ever realize what strange tricks a sleeping mind can perform!"

RECOLLECTION

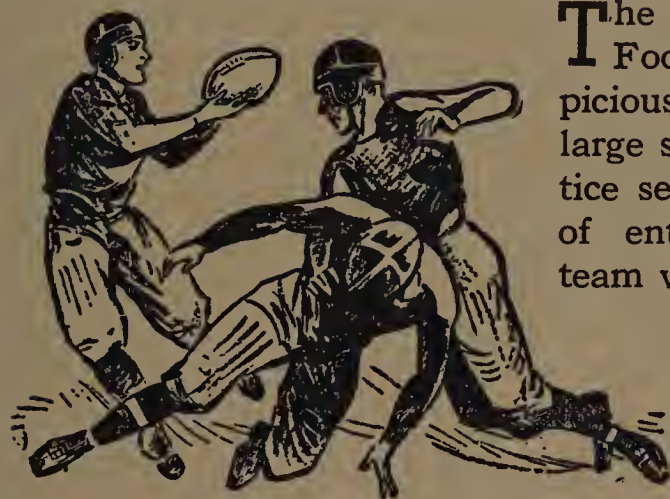
By MALCOLM CUMMINGS

There's an island green
That I have seen,
Not many miles away;
Where the sky is blue,
And men are few;
Where snowy sea-gulls play.
(I used to live there—
My heart does yet.)

From that blue bay
Love sailed away,
Leaving me behind her;
And I have gone,
Fled with the dawn,
Away from thinking of her.
(I used to live there—
My heart does yet.)

FOOTBALL HIGHLIGHTS

By JOSEPH COHEN



The Fairhaven High School Football season opened auspiciously in September with a large squad out for the first practice session. In the general rush of enthusiasm over the heavy team which was assembled, many forgot that some of the greatest players ever to matriculate at Fairhaven had been lost by graduation, and that those who

were to take their places were inexperienced. In spite of this handicap, and despite the fact that, because of the change from the light team of '36 to the heavy team of '37, many new plays had to be learned and many old ones forgotten, a fairly successful season was enjoyed.

The same fans who groaned when a plucky Dartmouth eleven held a heavily favored Blue outfit to a draw, were thrilled while the home forces routed Taunton, sighed when, in a last minute attack, Durfee tied Fairhaven, watched a team which had been outplayed from the first whistle to the half rise up and pass an East Providence team dizzy, sat stunned at the Whitman upset, laughed while Fairhaven pushed a Barnstable outfit, which couldn't pass or rush all over the field, and cheered when Fairhaven administered to Attleboro its first defeat. In the New Bedford game a fighting Fairhaven squad stopped a powerful Crimson attack until the last part of the fourth quarter.

It has been an exciting season, and one which has had more than its share of thrills. We are proud of the team and of its coach, and we hope for a still better season next year.

SWING MUSIC! HOW LONG WILL IT LIVE?

By TOWNER M. SMITH

In the long annals of American College and Prep school youth, there is undoubtedly no one subject that has so completely dominated the scene as that of Swing Music. On the campus of any school one can easily distinguish the varied arguments for their favorite swing pieces and swing bands. But, of all the existing arguments, two that really stand out are the differences in opinion as to just where swing music originated and just how long it will last. Before going into the act of prophesying, I shall endeavour to show you from where and when this recent panorama of musical interpretation sprouted.

Many students of Swingology claim that swing was born with the appearance of the famous "Dixie Land Jazz Band" way down south in 1916. They base their idea on the fact that it was this group of musicians that first started the now famous "Jam Sessions". Respecting this idea, I believe that our sources of swing have come from much more deeply rooted and ancient origins than such a recent date as 1916. In fact, I can commence converting you to my way of thinking by relating that an old negro, whose only two possessions were an old mule and a broken down piano, beat out the most famous swing piece ever composed — the incomparable "St. Louis Blues" — two years before Dixie was vibrating to its famous Jazz Band.

Swing is actually nothing more than very fast Jazz. Jazz we know is fast music, so by Geometry we have it defined as ultra fast music; specifically, jazz is a piece of music set on paper in a definite formula, whereas "*swing*" is the *method* of playing *any* piece of music, whether it be "Basin Street Blues" or a Chopin Nocturne; it never burns but it gets plenty "hot." To produce these synthetic feelings in our soul of music, all of the A-1 leaders of the popular orchestras have had to turn the pages of music back a great many years to find compositions that lend themselves

readily to their swing desires. The most popular exponent of swing today, that tippy, tenacious, trombone tooter Tommy Dorsey makes not a few coppers turning out "hot" and real versatile arrangements of the old Classics. He has taken arrangements all the way from Gershwin to Wagner and back again. If good old Johann Strauss knew that his famed "Blue Danube" is one of the real sizzling jazzed up frames of today, he would probably turn inside out in his tomb. Therefore, all the real "swellagent" swing tunes of today are nothing more than the fundamental elements that the real old masters have been setting down for the last thousand years. Even Duke Ellington and the rest of our swinging ivory key men are doing takeoffs on the style of Sergei Rachmaninoff.

Last Spring another real dyed-in-the-wool professor of Swing, Raymond Scott, turned out — with the exception of "Organ Grinder Swing" — the most popular and widely adopted swing piece of today. It is called "Twilight in Turkey" and has a definite connection with the weird and enticing strains of an Asiatic snake charmer. And, there have been snake charmers in existence longer than twenty years. While we are on the topic of weird tunes being adopted to swing, let us not forget the soul-stirring rhythms of the Spanish Rhumba, an age-old institution.

The white race has hundreds of excellent swing men, but none of them can compare with the real "hot boys" of the dark skin vintage. If we desire to be technical, we may point out how dark skinned savages have been dancing to breath-taking rhythms for a good many centuries in Africa. These people seem to have this jacked-up Jazz right in their souls, and it is indeed a very foolish apprehension to believe that such a deep-seeded feeling could be injected during the process of one generation. The old negro spirituals as well as the old peasant folk-songs of Europe may be played very successfully by any swing band with very little alteration.

We can, therefore, easily see that swing is by no means a recent innovation but an outgrowth of a great many years of successive musical steps that have come from the far flung cor-

ners of the earth — from Hoboken to Timbuktu, and from Fairhaven to California.

Now that I have contributed my unsolicited bit to the discussion, I only think it fair to come down to facts, and try to foresee just how long this billion dollar business of swing will continue to hold sway. There are those on one side of the fence who claim that swing will continue on indefinitely as a firmly established institution in the halls of American Music. On the other side there are those that claim swing will die a natural death within a twelfth month and the popular band leaders will return to the sweet and soft swaying rhythms of two years ago. After hearing the views of the latter, I am inclined to agree with them, and I am going to try to relate these thoughts to you.

It was about a year ago that a smart New York Jew rose to fame on the crest of swing, and was immediately christened the "King of Swing". At that time his band was the most popular that ever hit the American jazzical music front. He answered to the name of Benny Goodman, and his group was composed of excellent musicians. In it were Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, and a galaxy of other swing experts. Even though he is still popular, the majority contend that his popularity is on a definite wane. The other side says that even though Goodman is declining, there are two or three old bands that have enjoyed a new birth with swing. The best examples of these are Bob Crosby, Chick Webb, and Count Basie. In reply to that do not forget that such sweet music bands as Guy Lombardo and Fred Waring are still on top, as well as the rise of a host of new bands that play the slower music during this era of swing. Examples of these are Kay Kaiser, Sammy Kaye, Bert Block, Horace Heidt, and George Olsen. The swing specialists point out how Messrs. Dorsey, Goodman, and Webb pack their dance halls to overflowing every night. In answer we say that same holds true with the slower bands. It is also worth mentioning that the New York World's Fair Committee for 1939 has appointed Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians as the official Fair Orchestra because it believes he is more likely to be still enjoying top ranking in two years than any other band. The "swingie boys" tell us that they have such a grip on the country as to bring an all girl swing band

to the front — Ina Rae Hutton. In response we say do not forget the soft and alluring melodies of Phil Spitalny's all girl band. They fire back by telling us that every Saturday night there is a whole half hour of radio devoted entirely to swing. To muffle that report we could reply that there are about a half dozen one hour programs devoted to opera and a great number of popular programs that never even mention the word swing.

We could argue on till dawn, but, if we did, we would not get our nightly eight hours. After hearing those terrifying trumpet screeches that some people call music, I will end this epistle by giving you a motto for all peace loving men. "The man who invented swing ought to".



THE ORIGIN OF THE RING FINGER

By MARJORIE ARNOLD

These excerpts,

translated

by third year

Latin students,

are selections

from "Attic

Nights", a

scrapbook

written in

the second

century A. D.

by Aulus

Gellius, a

Roman lawyer,

for the

amusement

of his

children.

I have heard that the ancient Greeks had a ring which they wore in dignity on the left hand, on the fourth finger. Wearing such a ring was also a custom among the Roman men. The reason for this is explained to us in Apion's book, "The Egyptians." He relates that when the human body was cut open, as is the custom in Egypt, called anatomy by the Greeks, a nerve was discovered which reached from the finger of which we are speaking, to the heart of man. Therefore, the Greeks thought that this finger deserved honor above the rest, and for this reason they wore a ring upon it to show its distinction.

THE FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARY

By WARREN GREGORY

It is said that Pisistratus was the first to make possible a public library, by offering books on the liberal arts for public reading at Athens. The Athenians little by little increased this supply of books eagerly and carefully. But later, when Xerxes seized Athens, he carried off these books to Persia. This was after all the city had been burned, except the citadel. Then, after many years, King Seleucus, called Nicanor, ar-

ranged to return the books to Athens intact. About seven hundred thousand volumes were either collected or copied in Egypt by king Ptolemy; but while this state was being plundered, they were burned by the auxiliary troops of the first Alexandrian war. They were destroyed by accident, not by intention.

THE CIPHER CODE OF JULIUS CAESAR

By THOMAS HURLEY

There are several books of epistles which Caesar sent to Oppius and Cornelius, who looked after his affairs in Caesar's absence. In these communications, single letters of the alphabet are found which one would think were placed at random, for they form no words. However, the writers had agreed among themselves beforehand a secret way of changing the position of the letters. In writing, a certain letter was substituted for another, but in reading it was returned to its own position and the meaning was restored. Just as I have said, the substitution of letters (A for B, B for C) was decided in advance by them. In fact, the notebook of Probus explains carefully the secret meaning of the letters used in Caesar's writings.

ROMAN GEOMETRY

By JOSEPH COHEN

There are two branches of geometry: solid and plane. In plane geometry there are two dimensions: length and width. Among the figures included in this branch are triangles and quadrilaterals; these have area, but are without altitude, as compared to figures in solid geometry which possess this quality. There are many definitions of a line, that of Marcus Varre being the following: "A line possesses length but is devoid of width and altitude." Euclid, more briefly, said, "A line is a breadthless length."

SOMETHING ABOUT GLOVES

By NANCY TERRY

When archaeologists were searching for relics left from the cave dwellers, they found that even in these ancient times, gloves made of leather and sewn with leather thread were worn. The Greeks wore gloves chiefly as a protection for their hands in doing hard work, while the Romans wore them as ornaments, and as a sign of high rank. Although something in the form of a protection of the hands against the cold must have always been needed by the northern nations, gloves did not become an important article of dress until after the Norman Conquest.

Richard Coeur de Lion, who tried to pass through Austria unnoticed on his way home from the Crusade, was recognized and captured because of his beautiful gloves.

In early times, warriors threw down their gauntlets in challenge of other warriors; a lady thought nothing of throwing her gloves into an arena filled with beasts to test the devotion of her sweetheart, who was expected to jump in and fetch them back, very much as a pet dog might. On one occasion, the suitor rescued the gloves and, returning unharmed, threw them with scorn and contempt in his lady friend's face because she doubted his love for her. A more amiably disposed lady would allow her knight to wear her glove in his helmet when he tilted in the lists.

As early as 1770, gloves were manufactured in America. They were as long as sleeves, reaching from the shoulder to the fingertips, which were left exposed. Gloves of the nineteenth century were crude and clumsy, being cut with shears from pasteboard patterns.

Gloves have actually been made from spiders' silk. It takes 700,000 spiders to produce a pound of silk. From Limerick, Ireland came gloves so fine that they fitted into a walnut shell.

Gloves are also conspicuous in literature. Xenophon notes the fur gloves of the Persians; Rebecca makes Jacob a pair from kid in the Bible times: the scene of "The Fair Maiden of Perth" by Walter Scott is laid in a city of glovemakers.

Fulton County, New York, holds first place in glovemaking in America. The impetus of an early start, due to the fact that some Scotch glovemakers settled here, was the chief factor causing the industry to locate in this section. In the cities of Gloversville and Johnstown, Fulton County, are numerous factories. Many householders, who have barns or other buildings, utilize them for the manufacture of gloves.

CLAUSTROPHOBIA

By BEVERLY AUGUSTA

Outside, the wind howled as tho pursued by a hundred devils. The rain was coming down in torrents, making the fallen leaves like so many banana peels — slippery! What a night for a murder! ! and I was alone! Outside the windows, the high hedges rustled against the window pane. As I practically flew to pull down the window shades, the telephone bell intruded on this picture of gloom. I answered it. A crude voice asked, "Is Mr. Freeman in?" I replied that he was out of town for the evening, and that if there was a message I would take it. But the voice said, "No," and shut down the receiver. Misgivings poured into my mind. 'Sposin' he (the voice) were a thief, and only wanted to know who was to be in that evening. What could I do against a big brute of a robber? Oh yes! All kinds of ideas popped into my mind.

But no intruder appeared, and I sat reading and listening to the radio until late in the evening.

Well, maybe I would have been glad to see him. I've often wondered what I'd do if I did come in contact with one of our so-called public enemies.

Scream, probably.

THE COWARD

By NATHALIE TALLMAN



They had called him a coward! He turned the thought over and over in his mind. A coward! That morning at practice he had backed out, out of the most important game of the season. Why? He had seen his brother, breath knocked out of him in a big game, fighting, fighting for life — and he had lost. That was why, and they called him a coward.

The big game! Crowds cheering, yelling with excitement. The teams running onto the field stamping their feet and warming up. The kick off! The game progressed, rapidly, wildly. What was the matter? Why didn't they fight? The score: 6-0 in favor of the opposing team. Twelve to nothing! It was awful. He sat with his head in his hands, not daring to look. He groaned, watching his team — that was it, *his* team! He raised his head like a Viking crowned.

Five minutes later he ran onto the field, ready for a fight, a fight for the team. The stands went wild. Out he went, amid deafening cheers, to win.

Signals: 1-2-3-4! Off he went, down on the ten yard line. Try again. Touchdown! To the wild screaming of the crowds he kicked over the goal post.

On went the game, up climbed the score until the game was over, and won. A wall of people crowded around him. They raised him triumphantly to the gym.

That night he dreamt. People were screaming coward! coward! coward! Suddenly he stood up in the middle of the mass and they disappeared, to be replaced by a scoreboard: F—24; N—12, and a cheering crowd —cheering for him, and the victory. He was no longer a coward.

OFFICE HOURS

By JEAN MARKS

Dirty building —
Steps,
Shaking rails,
Dim lights.
Pipes —
Aluminum painted,
Dust covered.
Typewriters —
Pecking, clicking
Loud voices,
Conversation — monotone.
Squeaking hinges,
Swinging doors.

People —
In and out,
Foreign, brown,
Ragged language,
Up and down
Smoky halls.
Heavy steps
Tapping heels,
Soprano laughter,
Slamming doors.
Nine to twelve —
One to five —
Office hours.

THE CLASS OF 1937

Perhaps you are wondering where the graduating class of last summer has climbed to since its members became men and women. Here are the figures in general:

Working	29
Married	3
Continuing Education.....	44
Idle	23
Deceased	1
Unaccounted for	1

Taking each person individually:

Lazarus Alexion — Massachusetts State College.
Hilda Andrews — Married, living in Marion.
Shirley Andrews — Wellesley College.
Charles Arnold — Post-Graduate.
Raymond Babbitt — Textile School.
Alphonse Baranowski — At home and around.
Cecelia Barnes — Sargent School.
Neil Besse — Textile School.
Carl Blechinger — Studying at home.
Mary Blum — Position at Cherry's in New Bedford.
Janet Booth — Married.
Robert Briggs — At C.C.C. Camp.
Grace Burns — Swain School.
Natalie Burrell — Post-Graduate.
Manuel Camara — Working at a gasoline filling station (Coggeshall and Belleville Ave.)
Richard Carpenter — Hebron Academy, Maine.
Dorothy Carr — Post-Graduate.
Clifford Chapman — At home.
Edward Church — University of New Hampshire.
Norman Collins — Position at the "Standard-Times".
Augustus Correia — Working at Benjamin's Store.

- Althea Cross — At home.
 Barbara Cross — At home.
 Matthew Dalton — Working for the Town of Mattapoisett.
 Ellen Dexter — At home.
 William Dillingham — At home.
 Janice Eldredge — Middlebury College.
 Esther Erickson — Bookkeeper at Narragansett Shirt Company.
 Herminia Falcao — Position at Wilbur-Rogers store, New
 Bedford.
 Gardner Gayton — In business with father.
 Arthur Govoni — Position at Pairpoint Corporation.
 Phyllis Greene — Telephone operator.
 Eleanor Gregory — At home.
 Nathaniel Guy — Post-Graduate.
 Martha Hammond — Post-Graduate.
 Helen Handy — Living in California.
 Ruth Hathaway — At home.
 Lillian Hickman — At home.
 Emerson Hiller — Post-Graduate.
 Barbara Holdsworth — Post-Graduate.
 Roberta Howland — Post-Graduate.
 Dora Hoxie — Northfield Seminary.
 Marion Huckins — Position at Roger's Ice Cream establishment.
 Roberta Jackson — Drake University.
 Shirley Kanter — University of Michigan.
 Ralph Kellish — Truck Driver, Berwick Cake Company.
 Mildred Kershaw — Married.
 Mary Klambt — Position at Woolworth's North End Store, New
 Bedford.
 Millicent Lanagan — At home.
 Margaret Lewis — Working at Star Store.
 Roger Lombard — Deceased.
 Clifton Macomber — Position at Gulf Hill Dairy.
 Jean Marks — Post-Graduate.
 Priscilla Maynard — At home.
 Jean McKoan — Position in office at Woolworth's, Boston.
 Francis McQuillan — Textile School.
 James Medeiros — At home.

- Robert Mevis — Position in a Boston office.
Norwood Moore — At home.
Catherine Morey — Telephone operator.
Fred Morgan, 3d — Position at Driscoll, Church and Hall.
James Morris — Position as a waiter on a boat, sailing from Boston.
Dorothea Nelson — Position at Woolworth's, New Bedford.
Eunice Nerbonne — Position at Clear-Weave Hosiery Store.
"Chick" Perry — At home and about.
William Perry — Bookkeeper, Chase Refrigeration Service.
Lucien Phinney — Post-Graduate.
Ernest Pierce — At home.
Priscilla Place — Jackson College.
Gladys Place — Post-Graduate.
Harry Pope, Jr. — Position at Palmer-Scott Co.
Marjorie Pope — Katherine Gibbs School.
Eunice Portas — At home.
William Potter — Moved to East Freetown.
Georgia Ransom — Kinyon's School.
Carol Raymond — At Finishing School—Jesus and Mary Convent, Canada.
Gladys Raymond — At Finishing School—Jesus and Mary Convent, Canada.
Mary Santos — At home.
Carlton Silsby — Textile School.
Benny Silva — University of Maine.
Charles Simmons — At home.
William Snow — In business with his father.
George Spooner — Swain School.
Louise Spooner — Position at the "Rendezvous" restaurant.
Marcella Stevens — Thou dost evade us, Marcella!
Alice Sylvia — Vocational School.
Anthony Sylvia — At home.
Ezilda Sylvia — Kinyon's School.
Marion Sylvia — Kinyon's School.
Humphrey Tallman — St. Lawrence School.
Phyllis Taylor — Position at Eldridge Fish Company.
Mary Thomas — Post-Graduate.

Leslie Tripp — Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Mayo Tripp — Fitchburg State Normal.
Helen Tucker — At home.
Isabel Tuell — Gould.
Muriel Whitehead — Position at Kresge's, New Bedford.
Earl Wilson — Textile School.
William Wingate, Jr. — Post-Graduate.
Harold Woodcock — Drake University.

THE CAPTURE

By CAPT. LIONAL WILLIAMS, Big Game Hunter

With black coils glistening evilly in the fading sunlight, with no apparent sign of motion, in all-pervading silence — it lay there. I approached it warily. Little realizing the tremendous power in those dormant loops, I began my task. I grasped one end firmly. The first twist wrought a confused twitching throughout the entire length of my opponent. As I progressed he spat at me; indeed, he continued spitting during the whole fight. By throwing loops about my legs and arms, loops very difficult to disengage, he pressed me hard; but through it all I was conscious that I was winning. At one time a flailing bight all but laid me low, and while struggling to regain my balance I received a noose around my neck. With the ease born of practice, I slipped clear. We trampled a large tract of ground in our struggles, and all the time that hateful thing uttered horrid sounds. Finally, having tossed and tied the beastly foe I wiped the perspiration from my brow and laughed at it.

I had known from the start that I could coil that twisty garden hose.

A TRIP TO QUEBEC

By WALTER APPERSON

It was time for our vacation. We had been long in deciding where to go as some of our family wished to see Niagara Falls, others the Saguenay River region. When we started it had begun to rain but even that could not dampen our spirits.

The first night was spent at Woodstock in some delightful cabins where there were a swimming pool, miniature golf, shuffle board, and many other amusements.

The next day we went to the Flume, Franconia Notch, and the Old Man of the Mountain, and by night we were in Canada at Sherbrook, in the province of Quebec. All the menus were in French, and we had a hard time getting what we wanted for food.

The following morning we started very early so that it was only afternoon when we got to Levis on the south banks of the Saint Lawrence River, just opposite the city of Quebec. We drove our car onto the ferry and were soon across the river.

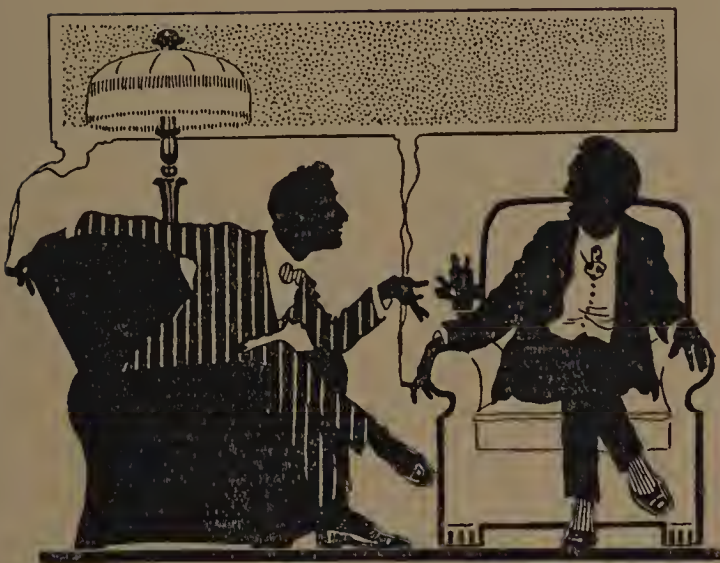
The new city is situated on the top of a bluff. Below is the old part, with narrow streets and many docks. The upper city is 300 feet higher than the lower city. One way to get from one level to another is by an elevator which runs down the side of the bluff. Our first morning was spent in seeing the city in a calash drawn by one horse. The driver pointed out several cathedrals and statues; also the plains of Abraham. While on the palisade, one day, we saw the gigantic ocean liner "Empress of Britain" steam up the Saint Lawrence on its way to Montreal.

While traveling back home we stopped and spent a few days at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

After having had a very enjoyable vacation, home proved best after all.

SOME SMOKE AND VAPORINGS

By HERBERT F. MACY, JR.



Much has been said and written upon the ill effects of tobacco smoking, but little has been put forth concerning the general inefficiency of a nicotine addict. Therefore, I am resolved to fill this empty niche in the great hall of literature, both because I detest empty spaces, and because I have nothing better to do.

The tobacco smoker may be classified as follows: pipe smokers, cigar smokers, who grow in two varieties — cigar smokers and cigar smoker-chewers, and the insipid cigarette smokers. Some inhale, some do not; some ignore fumes, some wear them as armor.

Let us consider the cigarette smoker. He averages a half package a day, that is, ten cigarettes. To light a cigarette takes between ten and thirty seconds, although it has been done in less by an expert. The average time is probably twenty-five and one-fifth seconds. This multiplied by ten comes to two hundred and fifty-two seconds or four and two tenths minutes. All this is sheer waste!

Many people drive while smoking. Ah! The danger of it! At forty miles per hour, one covers eighty-eight feet in one second. Hence, while lighting a cigarette one travels 22,176 feet

before one's attention returns to the road and one's hands to the wheel. Now do you see why there are so many accidents?

Now we come to the cigar user. The first variety and also most abundant, is the cigar smoker, who exudes an interesting and sometimes exhilarating aroma. A cigar is large, powerful, and vivid. Only the most masculine of women are ever to be observed partaking of a smoke thereof.

A cigar smoker lacks the masticating prowess that distinguishes the cigar smoke-chewer. However, he may have redeeming features. I can even now recall my maternal great-grandfather. He was a smoker of no mean ability. He could blow square smoke rings, and sold them as models at which lesser mortals might aim. However, he was slow.

The cigar smoker-chewer is a vulgar, rabid type. He seldom gets far in this world, because his habit impedes speech, and, therefore, he is greatly handicapped.

Lastly, we come to the pipe smoker, who holds a position of eminence among nicotine addicts. Yet he, too, is inefficient. The time required for the satisfactory lighting of a pipe varies from forty seconds to a minute, but the smoker seldom averages more than five pipes a day. Thus we see that he spends two seconds less per day in igniting his smokes than does the inferior cigarette addict. However, it is still wasteful.

The fumes of a pipe are very dense, and possess that indefinable *je ne sais quoi* that makes a pipe so fragrant and so virile. Pipe smokers often use glasses to see through their own smoke screen. Obviously, if they did not smoke, this bit of apparatus would not be needed.

We approach the subject from still another angle. Have you ever seen a pipe smoker hurry? The answer is inevitable. No. A pipe smoker is like a clam — he opens and closes, and that is all. He is calm. He lets the world whirl by. He stagnates.

Smokers of all varieties are inefficient. They are a menace on the highway, and a deadening influence off it. Nicotine is worse than alcohol or opium, because it is so insidious. Do you hope to leave behind you *foot prints in the sands of time*, or are you going up in smoke?

THE DAWNING OF THIRTEEN SEASONS

By GEORGE R. PROCTOR

In January are cold, breezy dawns. The sky is blue as ice, the air crisp and clear. On the spruce limb is the caerulean flash of a jay, hunting for breakfast in the frozen morning light.

In February are snowy dawns. The chilly, powdery flakes sift in upon the window-sill, melt, and form a puddle on the floor. Outside is a still, muffled world, insulated by a fluffy white quilt. A line of polka dots shows where a hungry squirrel has passed.

In March comes the thaw. The rumble and thud of snow, sliding from the roof; the steady gurgle of water through hidden slushy courses; the warm misty air; all these are the mortal wounds of winter at the birth of spring.

Later, there are windy dawns, when the warm, damp gale sweeps up the debris of winter and air-conditions the world for renewed life.

On many an April dawn there is a muffled hush. The only sounds that break the indistinct grey stillness are the ticking drip, drip, dripping of condensed moisture from the gutter, and the distant mournful note of a fog-horn, warning mariners of hidden, silent dangers. Little beads and globules of moisture make opals and onyxes of myriad vague twigs and pebbles.

In May one is awakened by the reckless, throaty warble of the robins, gladdening the warm, damp breezes. The honeyed odor of apple blossoms pervades the atmosphere, and the world overflows with glorious spring sunshine.

What is so depressing as a rainy morning in June? The roses droop their silken petals, and clench their buds like fists; the birds are sad and silent; the tender greenery bows down and weeps; all nature snuffles.

Dawn after a July thunderstorm is glorious. The air has been washed; the leaves are scrubbed and shining; Mother Nature rears her children well, though firmly.

On some hellish August mornings nature is breathless and stifled, seemingly lacking even strength to fan herself. A cicada buzzes in his shrill, ghastly monotone; a cricket creaks weakly; grasshoppers click in the shadowless blazing fields; a distant cloud silently mocks.

On a stormy September dawn, the wild gale wrestles with the trees, and blusters noisily around the house, tearing at the shutters and whistling by the door. The rowdy blast plays tricks with hats, and tears off the crying leaves. The sun hides in terror.

A clear crisp dawn in October brings a change over all nature. The withered annuals in the garden; the blackened leaves; the turning foliage of maples; the film of ice on the puddle in the driveway; all these are tokens of the coming of frost.

A cold, grey November dawn is depressing. The penetrating chill; the bare fingers of trees; the grey sea; the grey sky; the barren earth; all these are the vanguard of winter. Even the sun hides his face from the desolation.

In December, dawn comes at night, amid the clattering of milk bottles.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

Norma M. Banks (page 6) who has written "Ships That Pass" is an excellent poetess and has displayed her talent in previous issues of this magazine. She is a Senior and was head drum major during the 1937 football season.

The vice president of his Junior Class and one of the Junior reporters for *The Huttlestonian* is Robert T. Carr (page 7). Robert was also a member of the 1937 football squad.

Wilfred G. Hopwood (page 9) has an interesting history. Several years ago he left school to work, and at the age of twenty-six, he returned in order to receive his high school diploma. He will graduate in '39.

A graduate of the Class of '33 at F. H. S., John B. Leonard (page 12) is at present employed on the editorial staff of the Panama-American newspaper located in Panama City. Mr. Leonard was an assistant on *The Huttlestonian* staff in 1932 and associate editor in the Spring and Fall of 1933.

"The Century Hopper" (page 16), is written by the president of the Fairhaven High School Band, Dana P. Marston. He is a member of the Class of '39.

Malcolm Cummings, who is usually devoted to the more humorous side of school life, has suddenly, so it seems, changed his ideals, and one views his first attempt at poetry on page 18.

Towner M. Smith, (page 20), is a newcomer at F. H. S. He comes from New York and will graduate with the Class of 1938.

The Latin excerpts (page 24) are translations by four of the Junior Class Latin students: Marjorie R. Arnold, who was a stick twirler during the 1937 football season; Warren T. Gregory, who showed such talent in first year Latin, which he began in his Sophomore year, that he was allowed to skip the second year entirely and go on to third year Latin; Joseph M. Cohen, who is the reputed power behind the throne of the school paper; and Thomas J. Hurley, treasurer of the school paper, and a member of the 1937 football squad.

One of the Junior reporters for this magazine is Nancy S. Terry (page 26), who held a similar position during her Sophomore year. At present she is on the staff of the Standard-Times.

Beverly F. Augusta (page 27) came to Fairhaven High School from New Bedford and is a member of the Class of '39.

Nathalie F. Tallman, (page 28), represents the Sophomore Class as reporter for *The Huttlestonian*. The staff of this magazine is chosen for their writing ability and scholastic merit in English.

Jean Marks, who returned to F. H. S. for post-graduate work, has written a poem on page 29. She was very active in the school orchestra.

Another of the Junior reporters for this magazine, William L. Smyth, has demonstrated his ability on page 33. He writes interesting poetry, too.

The Freshman Class is represented in *The Huttlestonian* by Walter H. Apperson (page 34). Walter also reported for this magazine when he was in the eighth grade.

Herbert F. Macy (page 35) is a member of the Class of '38 and is an assistant editor of the school paper.

The editor-in-chief of *The Huttlestonian*, George R. Proctor (page 37), is a member of the present graduating class, is on the school paper staff, and is secretary of the F. H. S. Debating Society.

CLASSIFIED LISTING OF ADVERTISERS

ARCHITECTS		Page
William Tallman, 222 Union Street, New Bedford		60
ASSOCIATIONS		
American Legion Post 166, Main Street, Fairhaven		48
Fairhaven Business Men's Association		57
Fairhaven Police Relief Association		45
ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS		
James W. Brine Co., Inc., 92 Summer Street, Boston		46
AUTOMOBILE AGENCIES		
Cape Chevrolet, 1098 Purchase Street, New Bedford		53
Loughlin Chevrolet		48
AUTOMOBILE SERVICES		
Bent's Inc., County and Kempton Streets, New Bedford		48
BAKERIES		
My Bread Baking Co., 229 Coffin Avenue, New Bedford		58
Giusti Baking Company, 1707 Purchase Street, New Bedford		56
BATHS		
Carl C. Kimball, Bookstore Building, New Bedford		52
BEAUTY SHOPS		
Alba Beauty Salon, 855 Purchase Street, New Bedford		49
BEVERAGES		
M. F. Avila, Inc., 444 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford		50
BOAT BUILDERS		
Casey Boat-Building Co., Union Wharf, Fairhaven		53
BONDS, INVESTMENTS		
Tallman and Gregson, Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg., New Bedford		47
CHIROPRACTORS		
Earl C. Bailey, D. C., Room 309 Olympia Bldg., New Bedford		56
CLEANERS		
Bush and Company, 512 Pleasant Street, New Bedford		59
CLOTHING BUSINESS		
Imperial Clothing Store, 928 Purchase Street, New Bedford		60
Marjolaine Shop, 269 Union Street, New Bedford		48
New York Clothing Store, 750 Purchase Street, New Bedford		46
M. C. Swift and Son, 201 Union Street, New Bedford		53
United Men's Shop, 834 Purchase Street, New Bedford		51
United Waist Store, 778 Purchase Street, New Bedford		46
COAL DEALERS		
City Coal Company, 5 North Sixth Street, New Bedford		58
CONTRACTOR		
F. C. Taylor, Middle Street, Fairhaven		55

CORDAGE

Lambeth Rope Corporation, 627 Tarkiln Hill Road, New Bedford 55

DAIRIES

Dana Farm, 181 Adams Street, Fairhaven 47

M. J. Dias Jr., 695 Dartmouth Street, South Dartmouth 46

DANCING SCHOOLS

Adelaide Brownell Adams, Tabitha Inn, Fairhaven 60

Godreau School of Music, Olympia Building, New Bedford 45

DENTISTS

L. A. Bannister, 279 Union Street, New Bedford 60

Edward Soares, 227 Union Street, New Bedford 53

DEPARTMENT STORES

McCrory's North End Store, 1115 Acushnet Ave., New Bedford 51

Star Store, Union Street, New Bedford 55

F. W. Woolworth and Company

1081 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford 59

838 Purchase Street, New Bedford 45

DRUGGISTS

George A. Blake Company, Middle and North Second Sts., New Bedford 52

Freeman's Drug Store, 913 Purchase Street, New Bedford 60

FURNITURE BUSINESS

Mason's Furniture Store, 795 Purchase Street, New Bedford 60

C. F. Wing Company, 790 Purchase Street, New Bedford 47

FURRIERS

Fur House of Sydney, 252 Union Street, New Bedford 48

GREEN DISCOUNT STAMP STORES

The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, 294 Union Street, New Bedford 45

GROCERS—RETAIL

O. Benjamin, 398 Main Street, Fairhaven 51

Laronda's Market, 375 Main Street, North Fairhaven 49

Mack's Market 58

Mattapoisett General Store, Mattapoisett 52

New Manhattan Market, 874 Purchase Street, New Bedford 56

Regan's Market, 355 Main Street, Fairhaven 49

Tichon's Market, 235 Main Street, Fairhaven 47

GROCERS—WHOLESALE

Rival Foods, Inc., 1508 Purchase Street, New Bedford 56

HARDWARE DEALERS

N. P. Hayes Company, 65 William Street, New Bedford 52

HOTELS

New Bedford Hotel, Pleasant Street, New Bedford 48

Tabitha Inn, Centre Street, Fairhaven 48

ICE DEALERS

M. J. Curran, Foot of Middle Street, New Bedford 46

INSURANCE

James Henshaw, 558 Pleasant Street, New Bedford 51

Humphrey & Covill, 628 Pleasant Street, New Bedford 56

Whitworth and Company, 791 Purchase Street, New Bedford 59

CLASSIFIED LISTING OF ADVERTISERS

43

JEWELERS

C. J. Gidley, 209 Union Street, New Bedford	56
Poor Brothers, 196 Union Street, New Bedford	51
Albion B. Stone, 758 Purchase Street, New Bedford	46

LAUNDRIES

Pearl Laundry, 62-64 Hicks Street, New Bedford	50
--	----

LUMBER BUSINESS

Acushnet Saw Mills, 54 Mill Road, New Bedford	55
---	----

MACHINE SHOPS

Hathaway Machinery Company, 2A Water Street, Fairhaven	55
--	----

MILL SUPPLY BUSINESS

Manufacturers Supply Company, 382 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford	49
Russell, Milhench and Harrison Co., 466 Acushnet Ave., New Bedford	59

OFFICE EQUIPMENT

The Keystone, Inc., 193 Union Street, New Bedford	57
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., 505 Bookstore Bldg., New Bedford	50

OPTOMETRISTS

James T. Almy Company, 230 Union Street, New Bedford	49
Walter I. Brown, 18 North Sixth Street, New Bedford	59
Alaric J. Phaneuf, 1350 Acushnet Ave., New Bedford	50
Charles R. Phillips, First National Bank Bldg., New Bedford	58

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Loring Studios, Inc., 58 Spring Street, New Bedford	46
---	----

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

Floyd H. Bussey, 1 Seventh Street, New Bedford	50
H. H. LeClair, First National Bank Bldg., New Bedford	47
Clifford S. Parsons, 27 Seventh Street, New Bedford	51
Irving N. Tilden, Barstow Street, Mattapoisett	55

RESTAURANTS

Atlantic Restaurant	57
Bridge Diner, Pope Island, New Bedford	49
Jimmie Evans Dina, Pleasant Street, New Bedford	52
Colonial Spa, 506 Pleasant Street, New Bedford	50

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

Shirbern School, Winslow Building, New Bedford	49
--	----

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Northeastern University, 318 Huntington Avenue, Boston	54
--	----

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

F. S. Brightman Company, 498 Pleasant Street, New Bedford	59
C. M. Carroll Paper Company, 54-56 Seventh Street, New Bedford	58

SELECTMEN

Fairhaven Board of Selectmen	47
------------------------------------	----

SHOE REPAIRING BUSINESS

Card's Shoe Repairing Shops, 109 Main Street, Fairhaven	56
---	----

SHOE STORES

Morton's Shoe Store, 756 Purchase Street, New Bedford	49
---	----

SIGNS—COMMERCIAL
Hill Company, 354 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford 51

THEATRES
State — New Bedford — Empire, New Bedford 52

TIRES
Lubin's Tire Mart, 396 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford 50

TREE WARDEN
Marinus Van Der Pol, Fairhaven 46

Compliments of
**The Sperry
 Hutchinson Co.**

"S. & H."

Green Stamps
 294 Union Street
 New Bedford, Mass.

*Make Music and Dancing Your
 Hobby*

Godreau School

Music — Stage Dancing
 Ballroom Dancing

Musical Instruments Sold on Easy
 Terms

Olympia Bldg. Tel. 5125-W
 R. Godreau

Compliments of

A Friend

F. W. Woolworth Co.

Purchase Street

New Bedford, Mass.

Compliments of

F. P. R. A.

Remember our Christmas Baskets

for the

Needy of Fairhaven

Compliments of
**New York
 Clothing Store**
"Clothes that Satisfy"
 750 Purchase St.
 New Bedford, Mass.

United Waist Store
 778 Purchase Street
 New Bedford, Mass.
Coats and Dresses

M. J. Curran
Ice — Trucking
 New Bedford
 Tel. 799

Loring Studio Inc.
*"Your School
 Photographer"*
 58 Spring St. Tel. 6337

Marinus Van der Pol
 Your Tree Warden

Albion B. Stone
*Watchmaker — Jeweler
 Class Rings and Pins*
 Room 19 Bristol Building
 758 Purchase St.
Watches — Diamonds — Jewelry

Athletic Outfitters to Fairhaven
 High
J. W. Brine Co., Inc.
 92 Summer Street
 Boston, Mass.
Represented by
GARDNER L. FASSETT
 75 Cedar Street
 Fairhaven, Mass.

M. J. Dias Junior
 South Dartmouth
 Dairy
MILK **CREAM**
 695 Dartmouth St.
 Tel. 8091

Tels. 3196 — 3197

Tichon's Market

*We Specialize in Food Supplies for
Boats and Restaurants*

235 Main Street

Fairhaven, Mass.

Hervey E. Tichon, Manager

SUCCESS

F. Eben Brown

Charles W. Knowlton

Thomas W. Whitfield

C. F. Wing Co.

presents the latest in Coats for
young ladies

Stunning Styles Easy prices

The "Friendly" Furniture Store

THE C. F. WING CO.

790-794 Purchase St.

New Bedford, Mass.

Compliments of

Dana Farm

Dr. H. H. LeClair

First National Bank Building

Telephone 7020-W

Tallman and Gregson

Successors to Clarence H. Bartlett

INVESTMENTS

Merchants Nat. Bank Bldg.

New Bedford, Mass.

NEW BEDFORD HOTEL

The Center of New Bedford's Social Activities

Class Dinners and Reunions Given Especial Attention

Warren M. Goodspeed, Manager

You will enjoy the genial atmosphere and excellent cuisine at

The Tabitha Inn

Fairhaven, Mass.

Tel. 348

"Clothes of Distinction"

The Marjolaine Shop

269 Union Street
New Bedford, Mass.

Tel. 1976

When you think of Fur Buying,
Fur Repairing and Fur Storing,
think of

**The Fur House of
Sidney**

252 Union Street
Across from N. B. Theatre

Compliments of

Loughlin Chevrolet

Bent's Inc.

Distributors for
G. M. C. Trucks, Willard Batteries
U. S. and Seiberling Tires

County and Kempton Sts. and
23 State Road

Compliments of

Post 166

AMERICAN LEGION

Fairhaven, Mass.

The Bridge Diner

The Place to Meet Your Friends
Open all night

On the Fairhaven Bridge

Regan's Market

355 Main St. Tel. 5998

Super Service, Reasonable Prices,
Supreme Quality

If you want the Best, call us, and
we will do the Rest

W. T. Almy Wm. D. Hoyt
J. F. Arsenault, Optometrists

Jas. T. Almy Co.

New Bedford

230 Union St. Phone 2612

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY Alba Beauty Salons

Everything in Beauty Culture
Center Shop: 855 Purchase Street
over the Waldorf Restaurant.

North End: 969 Acushnet Ave.
Tel. 7763 Tel. 7528

New Bedford, Mass.
Telephone 950

Compliments of

The Shirbern School of Expression

Winslow Building: Cor. of Sixth
and Union Streets

Laronda's Market

375 Main St. — North Fairhaven
Tel. 1065-3

Quick sales and small profits

For Your

"Dance Time" Shoes

Mortons Shoe Store

756 Purchase St.

Compliments of

Arthur D. Delano

Manufacturers Supply Company

Mill Supplies and Hardware

382 Acushnet Ave.
New Bedford, Mass.

Phone 813-W Eyes Examined
Glasses Furnished

Alaric J. Phaneuf

Opt. D. F. S. F. O.
Optometrist

1204 Acushnet Ave., New Bedford

Compliments of

Colonial Spa

Compliments of

Dr. Floyd H. Bussey

Union and Seventh Sts.
New Bedford, Mass.

HOFFMAN

Fresh Fruit Beverages and
Cocoa Cream

M. F. Avila Inc.

New Bedford, Mass.
Exclusive Distributors

**Monroe Calculating
Machine Company**

Adding Machines
Calculating Machines
Bookkeeping Machines
Check writers and signers

Donated by a
NEW BEDFORD MERCHANT
Who Heartily Approves
of the Purpose of
This Fund

Lubin's Tire Mart

FISK TIRE SERVICE

Tel. 8451

Pearl Laundry

TRY US

62-64 Hicks St. New Bedford

James Henshaw

Insurance and Bonds

558 Pleasant St.

New Bedford, Mass.

"Dress Well and Succeed"

United Men's Shops

834 Purchase Street

New Bedford, Mass.

Compliments of

Dr. Clifford S. Parsons

Osteopathic Physician

Compliments of

O. Benjamin

398 No. Main St.

Fairhaven, Mass.

Poor Bros. Jewelers

Waltham, Hamilton and Elgin

Watches

Union St.

New Bedford

Compliments of

A Friend

McCrory's

NORTH END STORE



N. P. Hayes Co.

Hardware Since 1880

65 William Street
New Bedford, Mass.

"For Better Health"

Electro-Vapor Baths and
Swedish Massage

Carl C. Kimball

Masseur and Physiotherapist

Bookstore Building
Tel. 2910-W

NEW BEDFORD'S LEADING
THEATRES

State
New Bedford
Empire

Established Since 1831

George A. Blake Co.

Cor. Middle and No. Second Sts.

New Bedford, Mass.

"Druggists"

EAT AT

THE

Jimmie Evans'

Dina

Compliments of

Mattapoisett
General Store

E. A. Walsh, Prop.

FRIENDLY COMPLIMENTS

Compliments of

A FRIEND

FROM

A Friend

Compliments of

Casey Boatbuilding
Company

THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES
FEATURING
SAXON WEAVE AND WORSTED TEXSUITS

M. C. SWIFT and SON
Established 1850

201 Union Street Between Purchase and Pleasant Sts.

YOUR

CHEVROLET
DEALER

Cape Chevrolet, Inc.

Joseph M. Burke

1098 Purchase Street Tel. 4865

Compliments of

Dr. Edward L. Soares

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



College of Liberal Arts

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

College of Business Administration

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Modern methods of instruction, including lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, professional talks by business executives, and motion pictures of manufacturing processes, are used.

College of Engineering

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL (WITH DIESEL, AERONAUTICAL and AIR CONDITIONING OPTIONS), ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING, and ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION. General engineering courses are pursued during the freshman year; thus the student need not make a final decision as to the branch of engineering in which he wishes to specialize until the beginning of the sophomore year.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan, which is available to upperclassmen in all courses, provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Under this plan the student is able to earn a portion of his school expenses as well as to make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts

Bachelor of Science

For catalog or further information write to
MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
 BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

F. C. Taylor

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

Fairhaven, Mass.

Compliments of

Acushnet Saw Mills
Company

New Bedford

Lumber
Millwork

Paints
Hardware

Compliments of

Dr. Irving N. Tilden

Compliments of

Lambeth Rope
Corporation



Your Favorite Department Store

Free Delivery
Mail and Phone Orders Filled

PHONE

750

New Bedford, Mass.

Compliments of

THE HATHAWAY MACHINERY
COMPANY

BUY AT
New Manhattan
Markets

Compliments of
Rival Foods Inc.
New Bedford, Mass.
"Rival Foods ARE Better"

Compliments of
GIUSTI BAKING COMPANY
BAKERS OF THE MASTER LOAF
New Bedford, Mass.

Tel. 1998
Earl C. Bailey, D. C.
Chiropractor
Room 309 Olympia Bldg.
New Bedford, Mass.
Office Hours 9-12 A.M. -- 2-5 P.M.
Evenings by Appointment

Compliments of
C. J. Gidley
JEWELER
209 Union Street
New Bedford, Mass.

Humphrey & Covill
Insurance of all kinds
Duff Bldg. Pleasant & William Sts.
New Bedford

Card Shoe Shops
109 Main Street
Tel. 1308
868 Kempton St., New Bedford
Tel. 7611
295 Sconticut Neck, Fairhaven
Tel. 3117 R. I.

FAIRHAVEN BUSINESS MENS ASSOCIA-
TION, INC.

Spring Street Auto Station	Norris Hardware & Paint	Antone J. Anthony
Hathaway Machinery Co.	Co.	E. G. Baldwin Co.
Casey Boatbuilding Co.	Babbitt Bros.	Braley's Creamery
Cards Shoe Shop	Nyes Market	Browne Pharmacy
J. F. Corcoran Sons	Costa's Store	The Fairhaven Star
Dorothy Cox Candy and	Cunha's Garage	Darling, The Florist
Ice Cream	L. W. Freeman	Days Electric Shop
Al's Liquor Store	The Galley	Allerton T. Delano
H. H. Hathaway Co.	Burt Hazard	Woodlands Market
Fairhaven Water Co.	Gordon E. Howland	Marston Realty Co.
Keith Ice Cream Co.	Keehns Store	Family Liquor Mart
D. N. Kelley & Son, Inc.	Alfred F. Nye	Red Mens Barber Shop
National Bank of Fair-	Ernest P. Osberg	William Rogers Dairy
haven	Tourist Home	Ross Barber Shop
Peirce & Kilburn Co.	John M. Reilly	Silsby Sail Loft
Fairhaven Ice & Truck-	Rose Market	Charles H. Sisson, Inc.
ing Co.	Ellen Shop	Frank C. Taylor
Palmer Scott & Co.	Tabitha Inn	Dr. Chas. E. P. Thompson
Silver Shell Fish Co., Inc.	Alvin Tunstall	C. F. Delano
Fairhaven Fruit Store	David P. Valley	Oxford Pharmacy
Richard T. Thatcher	E. S. Whiting Jr.	Tom's Cafe
Xavier's Service Station	Winter Landing	Fairhaven Institution for
Ideal Fish Market	Wonder Market	Savings
	De Coffe's Filling Station	

Compliments of

ATLANTIC RESTAURANT

Compliments of

Your High School
Newspaper

Buy a portable typewriter
ten cents a day

Royal -- Remington
Corona and Underwood

The Keystone Inc.

193 Union St. near Purchase
New Bedford, Mass.

C. M. CARROLL PAPER COMPANY

*Dealer in Wholesale Stationaries Retail, School and Office
Supplies — Art Metal Office Furniture*

54-56 7th Street

New Bedford, Mass.

"MOTORSTOKER"

will give YOU the Best Automatic
Heat obtainable

Motorstoker burns the safe-depend-
able-clean fuel Anthracite Coal

Fully Automatic

Agents

City Coal Company

New Bedford, Mass.

Tel. 314

Compliments of

**My Bread Baking
Company**

Compliments of

A Friend

Compliments of

Mack's Market

119 No. Walnut Street

Fairhaven, Mass.

James Mack

Compliments of

**Charles R. Phillips,
O. D.**

OPTOMETRIST

Walter I. Brown, O. D.

18 North Sixth St.

New Bedford, Mass.

Tel. 1732

Whitworth and Co.

At Whitworth and his Old Man

INSURANCE

F. S. Brightman Co.

498 Pleasant St. Tel. 1050

School Supplies

A Friend

Russell, Milhench

and

Harrison, Inc.

Compliments of

F. W. Woolworth Co.

1081 Acushnet Ave.

New Bedford, Mass.

BUSH and COMPANY, Inc.

J. T. Champion, Mgr.

512 PLEASANT STREET

NEW BEDFORD

Telephone 3790 — 3791

MASON'S

*Home of Nationally famous
Furniture*

Visit our Whitney Maple House

795 PURCHASE STREET
New Bedford, Mass.

Dr. L. A. Bannister

279 UNION STREET

New Bedford, Mass.

Harry Freeman

Ph. G.

Reg. Pharmacist

Wm. Tallman

ARCHITECT

New Bedford, Mass.

Imperial Quality Clothing Co.

*New Bedford's Popular Credit
House*

Clothes for Graduation

Ed. Noonan Eugene Phelan

928 Purchase Street
Caps—Gowns? See Us.

Compliments of

A Friend

The

Editorial

Staff

Now we know the Foxtrot --- Waltz and
Minuet --- Let's do the Big Apple, have
you tried it yet? The Shag is very
popular and is danced most every place
You had better come and learn them if
you want to set the pace

Then there's tap and acrobatics, also
ballet and toe

ADELAIDE BROWNELL ADAMS

teaches any dance you want to know

TABITHA INN

Tel. 1061-2

